

# The Unending War: A Spy Fears Most Another Spy

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The only spy I have ever met who looked like a spy was not a success in his profession.

He was a handsome young Egyptian with a Nassar moustache and shifty eyes and he arrived in London as an assistant publicity manager for an international finance firm.



Dulles

WHEN I met him in a rather raffish night-club in Soho, he was slightly perturbed to be recognized by my companion—a recently retired Army officer—who remembered him hanging about British bases in the Suez Canal Zone in the guise of a freelance journalist.

"My dear fellow," said my companion with a perfectly straight face, "I hope you'll be back in Cairo in time for the war."

He then proceeded to invent and expound a preposterous story about an impending crisis in the Middle East.

Our Egyptian friend suggested a drink at a quiet cor-

ner table at which he asked a series of serious questions to which he got silly answers.

He left apparently in the belief that he knew the date on which war would break out in the Middle East.

MONTHS LATER, in Cyprus, I asked an Intelligence officer if anything unusual had happened on that date.

Just one thing, he said. On that day, as for several preceding days, there had been an astonishing amount of activity by Egyptian air and land patrols on the Israeli frontier.

Now, the successful spy does not look the part. I knew an American secret

agent who was a famous musician and a Russian who was a travel agent.

There was a Greek photographer in Cyprus, a Yugoslav working undetected by his enemies in Central Europe.

There was also the Russian chauffeur who turned out to be a naval officer charged with eavesdropping on British naval officers visiting Leningrad.

EACH LARGE nation has a variety of interlocking intelligence systems.

The United States has nine agencies of which the best known, Mr. Allan Dulles's Central Intelligence Agency, accounts for only one-eighth of

the total intelligence budget which has been estimated at anything between \$100 million and \$1 billion a year.

The CIA itself believes a barman in Trieste and a cable office clerk of undecided nationality who, I hear, is still

that Russia has something like 250,000 spies of all grades in operation and spends an annual \$2 billion on espionage.

Britain has a variety of agencies, only some of them under the blanket-title of Military Intelligence, in which the famous M15 is the counter-espionage wing.

The most dangerous spy of all is the man whose employers have allowed to "lie fallow" perhaps 10 or 15 years.

He appears to be a loyal and patriotic citizen and his record is spotless. He rises in his pro-cow, or London, or Washington, and he is activated.

THESE SPIES are the most difficult to detect because the reason for their betrayal will often go back to youth or childhood.

Sometimes they are lured to turn traitor by blackmail, and security authorities believe that secret homosexuals are particularly prone to this.

But each and every spy

has one abiding dread. Spies are caught by spies.

The spy can never be quite fission and then, one day, he receives a message from Moscow that the man who buys his information is not a counterspy and that man may not be sure that the information has not been planted by yet another interested party.

Spies do not trust each other because they know that their most deadly enemies—not only in the international espionage centres like Geneva, Berlin, Stockholm, Istanbul, Beirut and Bangkok, but in the supposed security of their own homes and offices—are men of their own breed.